

## A Bleary Little World

by marv

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OK, Standard Disclaimer. I don't own SeaQuest or any of the characters involved in it. All my stories are amateur works. As always comments are welcome, criticism is OK too as long as it's constructive. Destructive criticism will be taken as an indication that you need something else to do with your free time :-)

This story takes place during the time the second SeaQuest is being built.

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## A Bleary Little World

By Marv ([marvid@interaccess.com](mailto:marvid@interaccess.com))

Rated: PG for drunkenness

They say that if you make it through the first two hours of your midnight shift that you're usually home free and that just was what Officer Mike Valdez had discovered. The worst part was surviving the rush right at the beginning of the shift. They didn't even let you get settled in your squad car before you were rushing here and there to one call or another, each one worse than the last. Butâ€¦if you made it past 1 a.m. things usually settled down a bit.

At 1:30 in the morning Officer Valdez was just relaxing a little. His last domestic dispute call had been 45 minutes ago and he was now settling himself into his normal routine. He'd spend the rest of the night checking his area, backing up his fellow officers and generally keeping the city safe. Midnights were alrightâ€¦not too many people

on the roadway (or in the station) and you were generally the master of how much you wanted to doâ€¦.well, to a certain extentâ€¦heavens knows that at any given time the night you could go from total serenity to dizzying madness. But generally, generally midnights were nice and relaxing.

Driving slowly down Olive Street, Officer Valdez watched the man walking beside the roadway. Well, mostly beside the roadway. It looked as if the pedestrian was having a little difficulty staying on a straight course. His steps took him all the way from the sidewalk into the street and then back again. This guy was definitely a little worse for the wear. From the looks of the way he was walking he was lucky he was even vertical. Valdez figured that he'd better check on the guy to be sure he was alrightâ€¦besides people weren't supposed to be wandering around the street drunk.

"Headquarters, Adam-11"

"Adam-11, go"

"Adam-11, I'll be out with a suspicious male pedestrian, Olive at Manatee."

"10-4, Adam-11," responded the dispatcher.

"Adam-14, I'll take the back." Kim Warner would come to back him up on the stop.

Valdez drove his squad car ahead of the man and pulled off on the right side of the road. He grabbed his flashlight, got out of the car and walked back to the walking man.

"Hi, good evening," he said cheerily to the man. He'd found that treating people nice in the beginning usually set the tone for the whole meeting.

"Good evenin', offisher, and a fine evenin' it isâ€¦" the man answered.

Valdez smiled, this guy may be drunk but he was at least in a good mood. "Could I see some identification, sir?"

"Shertainly, offisher," the man leaned against the squad car a little while he dug his wallet out of his back pocket. He opened the wallet and searched for his driver's license which he finally produced with a flourish.

Valdez took the license from the man and shined his flashlight on it while examining it. He looked up and compared the picture on the license to the man standing before him. "What was that other ID you had in your wallet there?"

The man took out the second ID and gave it to Valez. "That would be my military iden..., ifn, oh, whatever." He was one of those guys who couldn't talk very well when they were drunk. "I'm on the seaQuestâ€¦well, I was before it blew upâ€¦kablooie."

Kim Warner pulled up behind them and came to stand next to the man.

"And good evening to you too, offisher." At least the guy was polite.

"I gather you had a little drink tonight, right?" asked Valdez.

The man rolled his head a little and looked at Valdez with his head tilted. "Oh no, offisherâ€¦.I had a \_lot\_ to drink tonight." He stopped and then leaned towards Valdez and whispered, "For that matter, I don' know if you notished but I am tanked."

"Did you have a car?" asked Valdez.

The man looked at Valdez with mournful eyes, "I did, but I left it at the bar 'cause I'm drunk." The man emphasized this with a nod of his head.

Both Valdez and Warner were smiling now. "Sir, could I ask you to put your hands on the hood of my car?"

The man straightened up a little and instead of turning towards the car, he kind of rolled around until he was facing the hood of the squad. "Shertainly offisher, anything you like." He made quite a show of putting his hands on the hood.

"I just need to do a little pat down to check that you're not carrying any weaponsâ€¦. You're not carrying any weapons, are you?"

"Nooope, no weapons, no knives, no guns, no nothin'."

Valdez patted him down to be sure and finding nothing started to explain why he was here. "The reason I stopped you is that it's illegal to be drunk in public like this. I'm going to have to arrest you."

"Ohâ€¦" came the sad reply from the man.

"If you could put your hands behind your back, please." The man complied and leaned forward against the car as Valdez secured the handcuff on his wrists.

"Sheems hardly fairâ€¦" the man said sadly.

Valdez turned him around so he was facing the officers. Valdez was still smiling but the man looked very sad. "What isn't fair?"

"I walked becaush I'm tooooo drunk to driveâ€¦and now I get arreshted for being drunk in pubalic. Ish illegal if I drive and ish illegal if I walk." His voice was going up in pitch. "How the heck am I shupposhed to get home?"

Valdez tried to reason with him. "Well, you could have gotten a ride from a friend."

The man looked shocked. "Oh noâ€¦.he was drunker than meâ€¦." He leaned forward again. "He pashed out...coldâ€¦right on the floorâ€¦very embarasshing."

Valdez and Warner exchanged looks. Both of them were having problems not laughing.

"He's got point Mike," said Warner.

Valdez appeared to be considering his options. He came to a decision. "OK, tell you whatâ€¦you can't walk home."

"But offisherâ€¦" protested the man.

Valdez held up a hand and stopped the man. "You're also too drunk to walk. You keep walking out into the street." The man drooped his head. "So I'm going to give you a ride homeâ€¦OK?"

A smile lit the man's face and he nodded. "That would be verry kind of you, offisher."

"You're going to sit quietly in the back of my squad car and I'm going to have to leave the handcuffs on until I get you home." You never knew how someone would react in the back of the squad and it was just good procedure to leave the cuffs on until he was delivered home.

"Oookay offisher. Whatever you say."

Valdez opened the back door of his squad and helped the man sit and pull his legs in. He closed the door and looked at Warner. They both busted out laughing.

"You going to need me to follow?" Warner asked.

"Nah, he seems OK and he lives just down the road a touch. Hopefully, they'll be someone there to help me with him." They went back to their respective squad cars and Valdez called in that he was giving his stop a ride home.

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Kristin Westphalen sat reading a book in the living room of the beach house she currently shared with Nathan Bridger and Lucas Wolenczak. For about the third time in 10 minutes she glanced at the mantle clock. 1:45 in the morning. She certainly hoped Nathan was enjoying himself because he was going to hear about it when he got home. Lucas came walking in from his bedroom with a sleepy look on his face and scratching his head.

"Still not home yet?"

"No." answered Westphalen curtly. She relented and smiled, "What are you doing up?"

"I'm hungry," he said and headed for the kitchen.

Kristin looked surprised. "Hungry? You ate a full large pizza all by yourself tonight and you're still hungry?"

Lucas came out of the kitchen with an apple in his hand and a glass of milk. "Hey, I'm a growing boyâ€¦."

Just then the doorbell rang. Kristin got a concerned look on her face and headed for the door. "Who on earth could that be at this time of night." Her heart jumped a little as she saw the police officer

standing at the door. "Yes, officer?"

"Sorry to bother you ma'am. Are you Mrs. Bridger?"

"Close enough," was Kristin's tentative answer.

The officer smiled. "Would he belong to you?" He indicated the man who was in the back of his squad car. Nathan was now sitting there with his head leaning against the window.

Kristin let out a sigh. "It dependsâ€|he lives here but do I want him?"

"Well, I stopped him because he's drunk and he was trying to walk home. Sometimes he was on the sidewalk and sometimes he was on the street." Valdez glanced over at Bridger. "I was going to arrest him for being drunk in public but he had a pretty good argument for it so I just couldn't."

"Pray tell,â€| what was his argument?"

"He said he knew he was too drunk to drive so he left his car at the bar and walked. Unfortunately, he's also too drunk to walk so I figured it'd be best just to give him a ride home."

Kristin nodded and walked down the steps with the officer. "Hmmm, that makes a surprising amount of sense for a drunk."

Valdez opened the squad door, making sure that Nathan had sat up so he didn't fall out of the car. "Let me give you a hand out, Mr. Bridger."

Nathan pulled his legs around so they were out of the car and with the officer's assistance he stood and leaned against the squad car. "Thank you offisher," he said blearily and as he looked up his eyes fell on Kristin who was standing in her robe, arms folded over her chest.

"Uh, ohâ€|" he kept his eyes on Kristin as he leaned towards Valdez and whispered. "I am in deep doo doo."

Valdez was having a lot of trouble keeping a straight face. "I'm sorry about that Mr. Bridgerâ€|why don't you turn around and let me take those cuffs off." Nathan turned and leaned over the trunk of the car as the officer removed the handcuffs. Valdez looked at Kristin. "Are you going to need any help getting him inside?"

"No, thank you." She looked over at Lucas who was standing at the top of the stairs with an amused look on his face. Her voice was not amused at all. "You could come down and help, you know."

Lucas hurriedly put his glass of milk on a table and came down to provide some assistance. He walked over to Bridger who was still leaning over the trunk of the car and helped him straighten up.

"Lucash, how are ya?"

Trying to keep from laughing, Lucas answered, "I'm just fine, sir."

A thought occurred to Kristin. "Nathan, where's Shelly?"

Bridger rolled his head across to look at Kristin. "Oh,â€ he pashed outâ€ .very uglyâ€ right on the floorâ€" he continued in a surprised voice. "He was drunker than I wasâ€ amazingâ€" Bridger swung his head around to look at Lucas. "But he's not in as much trouble as I am." He nodded knowingly.

Lucas was having trouble controlling his voice. He knew if he laughed that Kristin would kill him. "I think you're probably right, sir. How about we get you to bed?"

As Bridger and Lucas headed for the stairs, Kristin turned to the officer. "Thank you so much for bringing him home. I hope he wasn't too much trouble."

"No trouble at all. For that matter, he's the nicest drunk I've had all month."

Kristin grimaced. "I'll be sure to let him know when he sobers upâ€ that is if he lives that long."

Valdez chuckled. "I'll leave you to it then. Good night."

"Good night, officer, and again, thank you." As the squad car pulled out she turned to watch Lucas help Nathan up the stairs. She wasn't sure she wanted to watch since if Nathan fell backward he might take both of them with him. Lucas was walking up the stairs behind Bridger with a good hold on both banisters just in case Nathan overbalanced. After several minutes they managed to arrive at the porch with no serious mishaps. Kristin only started up the stairs after they had gotten to the top. She wasn't about to have the two of them land on top of her if they fell down the stairs.

By the time she reached the porch Lucas had helped Nathan into the main house. She followed the two men as Lucas carefully maneuvered Nathan down the hallway. He seemed to be having trouble walking straight and he kept veering off to the side and bouncing off the wall. Eventually, Lucas managed to get Bridger into the bedroom and sitting on the edge of the bed.

Nathan pulled Lucas down until his head was close to Bridger's. He whispered conspiratorially, "Ya wanna know somethin'? â€ I really didn't mean to get this drunkâ€. But I don't think she's gonna care."

"I think you're right," Lucas whispered back. To Westphalen he said, "Did you want me to help you get him undressed?"

Kristin shook her head, "No, Lucas, thank you. Why don't you go back to bed?"

"OK, good night." Lucas made his getaway.

Kristin stood over Nathan as he sat on the bed until Nathan dared to glance up at her. He smiled. "Hi there."

"Don't say a thingâ€" Nathan opened his mouth and she continued more forcefully, "Not one word, Bridger." He clamped his mouth shut. He

knew that when she called him by his last name there was no point in arguing with her.

Kristin undressed Nathan in silence. She removed his shirt and shoes and then had him lie down while she pulled his pants off. Now dressed only in his underwear, Nathan lay on the bed while Kristin covered him with a sheet. The silence was beginning to get to him.

"Kristin.." he began tentatively.

She cut him off. "We'll talk in the morning."

"You're angry," Nathan said reasonably.

"You're drunk," Kristin countered.

Bridger got a half smile on his face. "Almost like Churchill saidâ€¦I'll be sober in the morning." Even Kristin had to smile at that. "But you'll still be angry."

"Tomorrow Nathan,â€¦we'll talk about it tomorrow."

Bridger was surrendering to the sleep that was overtaking him. "Sounds like a good reason to get drunk again," he said sleepily. Kristin thought he had fallen asleep and stood to turn out the lights when she heard a soft, "I love you, babe," from the bed.

She leaned over and placed a soft kiss on his forehead. "I love you too, you idiot," and she turned off the lights.

The end.

End  
file.